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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Little Maid's Amen.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When close in a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke;
When, at the first word, the small damsel,
With one little gasp, straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell:
"I tum, tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I;—she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see tos he's cryin',
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma,
We tummed when you ringed the big bell;
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to the mo her,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly and gently "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward,
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and m micked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reach d the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful,
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—*Expositor.*

The Stranger at the Key

No. 4 was late. The locomotive had been sticking its nose into the storm all the afternoon. It was struggling against a veritable blizzard, and there was difficulty in making steam. The huge machine stood there panting in the white whirl which surrounded it. The conductor went in for his orders and the little knot of villagers noticed that a stranger appeared very much interested in the sheets of yellow flimsey brought from the station.

"I thought so," said Big Bill Simmons, the engineer, a frown gathering on his usually jovial face. "A change of meeting points. We pass the freight at Walls, and meet No. 6 at Grimes. That's nice, ain't it? Means another drop back of fifteen minutes even if No. 6 is on time. We could crawl there on one driver and then lay to until Tim comes into sight. Why could he not let us go on to Pickens, holding No. 6 there? It would have given us a chance to get somewhere near on a time. As it is, we are hopelessly out of the schedule."

"You're right, Bill," said the conductor, "but beggars can't be the choosers. We can growl here all we want to, but that won't get us in on time. I'm thinking the old man will do some talking on his own account when he finds out how that new man Callingford is holding us up on this run, just when a good running record is desired."

No one had noticed the stranger smile under his mustache and enter the depot. In an instant he was at the telegraph key. One of the idlers however, saw the movement of the key, and, plucking the sleeve of the station agent, called his attention to it. The latter was too astonished to move for a second. Recovering himself, he started in and said roughly, "Here, what are you doing with that key?"

The stranger paid no attention to the attempted interruption, but reeled off the letters at lightning speed, and as old a man at the wire as Walter Judson, had difficulty in keeping up with the message the man before him was rattling off. He was calling Walls.

"Is the freight there?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"Hold it for further orders."

Grimes came next. "Cancel orders for 6."

Hebert, Chilsworth, Glendale, Waltham, were quickly called. There was a break and the division dispatcher was frantically calling: "Who's this?"

"Shut up. No time to spare; will explain later," was the answer.

"Willow Creek, where is No. 6?" The snap of the key seemed to carry with it an air of authority, and the answer came sharp, "Whistling for the mile post, sir."

"Tell him to pass eastbound freight, No. 2, engine 601, Waltham; meet No. 4 passenger, engine No. 72, at Chilsworth."

"Take this out to the engineer," said the stranger quietly, "canceling his former orders."

There was a tone of command in the stranger's voice, and Judson meekly did as he was told. The revise order gave the belated train a leeway of twenty-eight minutes. None of the train men knew the stranger. There was no time to ask any questions. The station agent had heard the order given and running changed. It meant a change for No. 4 and No. 6 both to make up time; held up the eastbound freight at a point where there was always a lot of switching to do, and straightened out the tangle in a manner advantageous to road and patrons alike. All the stranger had signed was "R."

With a chuckle Big Bill went to the window, tapped on the pane and, as the stranger looked up, the engineer kissed his hand to him with a grin, then boarded his machine and once more drove it into the storm, which had now become a howling blizzard.

The nimble fingers were still busy at the key. He had taken control of the road for the present. Willow Creek was asked if No. 4 had got the orders. The reply was satisfactory. Waltham was told to look sharp as to the switches and to have the red lights ready in case of anything blocking, as No. 4 had orders to push on. The same warning was ticked off to Chilsworth. Once in a while there would start an angry spit from division headquarters, with a quick "Keep still" for an answer.

"Who in the name of all that is good can it be?" said the division dispatcher to himself. There was only one man on the line that he knew of who could send like that, and that was the superintendent of telegraph and the president's assistant. It could not be from him, as he had received a message from him earlier in the evening, and yet the zip, zip, clip of the wire kept up.

Division Night Dispatcher Walter Callingford was a young man and new at his post. He had become rattled in the storm and late train. He had sense enough to see that the man who had grasped the reins at Waterford knew what he was about. Callingford saw now where he had made his mistake. The prompt correction of it was a relief in a way, but he was decidedly uneasy, and feared his recent promotion had gone glimmering.

Finally, when the stranger had straightened things out to suit himself, he called Callingford.

"Young man (the sender not more than 30) you are new at the business, not at the key but the handling of trains on your own account, but the way you have taken my break shows you have some sense and will yet make a good one. No one need be the wiser for this little interruption if you keep still. It has taught you more than if the mistake had not been corrected. Not that trains were in any danger, but the time was, and this is important as an average running record is being kept for use in competitive bidding for a contract for carrying the mails."

"Thanks, old man," came back, but who am I talking to?

"Never mind now. You can have the road again. I have missed my only chance to get out of this little hole to-night, so I am going over to the shack they call a hotel. If I can be of service send over. R."

"Good night."

The stranger politely apologized for usurping the agent's place at the key. "It was necessary, you known."

"I see it was, sir," said the night operator.

The stranger walked down the board walk to the frame building called a hotel, around which the wind whistled in a perfect fury. It was almost impossible for one to see a foot ahead. It was with an effort the man closed the door behind. Going to the unpainted box on end which did duty as the clerk's desk, the stranger, by the flickering light of a smoky kerosene lamp wrote his name in a running, but bold hand, "William Redding, Beatrice, Neb."

The landlord, a loquacious individual, glad of a chance to speak to a stranger, assigned him a room, and then invited him to the bar to take a night cap.

"No, thanks!" A shadow as if of pain crossed the face of Redding as he replied, and lifting the lamp he mounted the narrow stairs to his room, which was over the front door. It was clean and the bed was high. It is true the wind was unduly familiar with the shade and shook it as it slid past and its icy greeting to the occupant of the chamber.

Putting the light out, Redding sank into feathers and was soon sound asleep.

The operator at the station was not as drowsy as usual and sat wondering who the stranger could be. He had been absent from the room while Redding was talking with Callingford. The regular attache missed his usual drink and the landlord, anxious to know something of the strange occurrence, took a bottle and braving the storm walked over to the depot. It was way below zero now, the mustache and whiskers of the boni face was covered with hoar frost as he entered. There was a roaring fire in the stove, it was not a night to be sparing of the company's coal. "Queer fish that, Jim," said the landlord, jerking his thumb toward the hotel, "wouldn't even take a drink."

"He's lightning with the key, though."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know, some of the big fellers on the road, I guess. I never heard his touch before to-night. Hold on! Yes I did, too." The agent jumped to his feet as he spoke. "I know that call now, but I heaven't heard it for over a year. What name did he give at the hotel?"

"William Redding."

"That's the man."

"What man."

"Why, the man I mean."

"Well, what man do you mean?"

"Why, he used to be next to the head push at Beatrice. He lost his sweetheart or his wife died, I do not know which, but all of a sudden he seemed to go to the dogs. The boys all liked him. He had a kind o' sharp way with him, but was always willing to help a feller out and give him a fair show if he was a green one or got rattled. He was a caulker with the key and there were mighty few that could keep up with him. He'd snap your head off if you broke, but he would go slower, and when he finished he would ask you if you understood. Well, one night he must have been pretty full. He balled the road all up and two freights came together near Walls. Then we heard his call no more. Since that night the force has been shifted. A new man on every few nights. Look like none of 'em kin shoot straight in handlin' trains."

"Well, good night, Hank."

"Good night, 'Pears Redding must have been reinstated to take hold like that! Never saw him before, so did'nt know him. Thought that call sounded pretty familiar."

The door closed behind the landlord and the night operator dozed in his corner. The winds till wrestled at the door and sought the cracks and crannies at the hotel, but the stranger slept peacefully on. The occurrence of the night was too unusual to keep still, and the next day it was the gossip of the operators on the road. The conductor of No. 6 and Big Bill had also spoken of it, until the matter came, as all such matters do, to the ears of the general superintendent. Digging into the matter, he got the story from both conducor and engineer. The superintendent of telegraph was acting as chief dispatcher in the absence of that official, who was dying of pneumonia and overwork.

The matter finally came to the president's ears. Callingford was called on the carpet and truthfully told the story.

"That is all," said the president; "I do not attach any blame to you especially. You are a new man and had no one to consult."

"Where is this man Redding now?" asked the president of his assistant.

"I do not know. He left Waterford on the next train west, likely on his way to the coast."

"Good man," and the magnate drummed on the table with his fingers.

"None better when sober."

"Couldn't have been drunk then."

"No, sir!"

"Make inquiries at Waterford as to how he conducted himself there, whether he drank any while in the town."

It was not long before the president had the information he sought. The stranger had not touched a drop, although he had been repeatedly requested to indulge. He seemed somewhat gloomy, and his hair was streaked with gray, although his age could not have been more than thirty.

"Trace that man and let me know as soon as you find him," said the president.

It certainly was a high-handed thing for a former employe to do, take the road out of the hands of a night dispatcher and alter the meeting points from an obscure station. The result had been good, but it might have been otherwise.

Two days after the president's assistant informed his superior that Redding was at Cripple Creek.

"What is he doing there?"

"Working in the place of a man shot in a saloon row."

"Wire him transportation and tell him I want to see him."

Redding looked rather haggard when he entered the presence of the president of the road. He had been working hard, not only to make a living; but he had also been having a quiet but no less fearful battle with himself. That he had conquered was evident. His eyes were bright and clear. His head was held erect and the lines of determination had deepened around his mouth.

"Good morning, Redding," said the magnate, glancing up from his desk. "Take a seat."

"Well, that was a pretty cool piece of business on your part," said the head of the great system as the door closed after his private secretary. The keen, dark eyes of the magnate were intently studying the face of the man before him, and their expression as they looked out from under the shaggy white brows was hard to interpret. "What did you take such long chances for. Was it to get back on the road?"

"Well no," replied Redding with a slight smile. "I was kind of anxious to make connections myself and in an instant I saw where the thing was balled up. On the spur of the moment I jumped in. I knew a running record was being taken for the purpose of getting the mail contract. I had been with the system for a good many years and on the impulse worked out the problem before me. I told the new man Calingford to keep mum and no one would be the wiser."

"You knew that could not be done with the system in vogue on this road." The president's voice was sharp.

Redding flushed. "I never knew nor cared. If that is all, I will say good morning."

"There, do not be so confoundedly hasty," said the president.

"No matter what the object was, you did the road a good turn. From what I can learn you have conquered the failing which let you out of our employ. Wales is worked to death. Chief Dispatcher Long is dead. If you will take the place it is yours. Will you take it?"

"I would be a fool if I did not," replied Redding. "Thank you."

It was with a light heart the dispatcher left the presence of the president. His wife had been dead to him, though living. She had told him that when he proved he had made a man of himself she would come to him.

And this is the message he sent:

"Mrs. William Redding, Omaha:
"This day appointed chief dispatcher. President has faith, can you? WILL."

A reply came a few hours later:

"Thank God! Yes. ALICE."

There was a glow in his heart and a smile on his lips as he turned toward his office.—*Free Press.*

Miss Helen Keller, the Blind Genius, Almost Married.

A THREE CORNERED ROMANCE PROBABLY WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN THE WORLD.

(*From the N. Y. American and Journal, Jan. 29.*)

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind genius, is nearly engaged and soon will be almost married. She is essential to the marriage contract, which would never have been made without her. She is to assist at the wedding, and it is one of the conditions of the marriage that she shall always live in the same house with the quite married couple. She will be the most conspicuous figure at the wedding. In fact there would be no wedding without her.

Miss Keller will be, in fact, more nearly married than any young woman who has not actually made her responses and promises at the altar.

The real bride is Miss Keller's teacher. For eighteen years she has been instructor, friend and mother to the famous blind girl. They have been thought of one thought, almost flesh of one flesh, and when the bridegroom-elect dared to propose marriage to the girl's teacher, Miss Sullivan was amazed.

"I cannot marry anyone," she said.

"Why not," asked the persistent wooer.

"Because—Helen."

"But you need not be separated from Helen. Our home will be hers. You may go on teaching her all your life."

There followed some personal argument of the sort that all those who have been engaged will remember are most powerful. At their conclusion Helen Keller's teacher said hesitatingly:

"If you will ask Helen, and if she is willing, I will think about it."

The lover sought Miss Keller in her study at their home in Wrentham and made a second proposal of marriage, this time to a gentle arbitrator. Miss Keller put forth her hands and touched those of her caller, as she always does when she is interested.

"What did Miss Sullivan say?" she asked with the swift hand pressures that stand to her for speech.

"She said—she spoke of you," was the answer of quick fingers.

"Dear Miss Sullivan. Do you love her?"

One hard hand-clasp told the story.

"Does she love you?"

Another unmistakable hand clasp.

"Then marry, of course, and I hope you be very, very happy."

"We want you will to be with us always. You will be as dear and as necessary to Miss Sullivan as you have always been. We would not marry unless your life and hers were to go on just as before."

A grateful mist covered the blind girl's eyes. The pulse in her white throat throbbed with emotion.

"Thank you, my dear friends. Now please go to Miss Sullivan and tell her that what you have told me has made me very happy and that I will be very unhappy unless she marries you."

From that moment a new interest had come into the girl's life. The rosy wing of romance had grazed her very cheek. There was a new, beautiful, mysterious element in life, of which she had read, but which had seemed until now very far away and mythical. She talked of the bridegroom.

"He is a good, great-hearted man. I know it by the touch of his hands. They are hearty, generous, gentle hands, like Joseph Jefferson's hands, that you can cling to all your life, dear Miss Sullivan—hands that will never wander, that will never for a moment fail you. They are dear hands, honest hands. Oh, Miss Sullivan, it is almost as wonderful as though I were going to be a bride myself. I would have been miserable if you had not accepted him. Is there a name for the third in the marriage, Miss Sullivan?"

"She—she may be the bridesmaid."

"And after that?"

"Then she may be the companion, the very dear friend, the housemate."

"And after that, dear Miss Sullivan, the friend and teacher and godmother of the children?"

"Perhaps we ought not to talk about that now," came flutteringly from Miss Sullivan's nervous hand.

Helen Keller talked a great deal in dumb fashion about trousseaus and made Miss Sullivan take her to the shops so that she might handle the soft stuffs of which bridal gowns are made. She insisted that she would, in good time, buy the bridal gown herself, and present it to the bride. After a while she had an inspiration.

With rare intuition in one who knows by instinct only the strange ways of lovers, she said one evening without the lightest touch of guile in her innocent hand:

"Dear Miss Sullivan, I have been a little homesick of late for the touch of home hands. I would like to go to Florence, Ala., to visit my family."

The day after she started to the Southern town. Arriving there, she wrote gayly: "My family are so proud of me because I can dance and keep time rhythmically without hearing the music. That and everything else I owe to you. I say to them, as I have so many times said, 'My teacher is so near to me that I can scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate and how much due to her influence I can never tell. All the best of me belongs to her, there is not a talent, or an aspiration, or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.' Think of my happiness! I am to have two teachers instead of one."

Miss Keller will soon return to the home at Wrentham, which she shares with Miss Sullivan, and will be as much absorbed in the wedding preparations as the bride herself.

It has been arranged that she shall help to select the trousseau. She will be the bridesmaid. She will sign the wedding certificate as a witness. She will help receive the guests after the wedding, and she has chosen an old slipper of her own to throw after the departing carriage. She will welcome them on their return from the bridal tour. She will herself arrange the first dinner to be given for them. Afterward she will become a third, and in many senses the first, in their household.

Miss Keller's teacher and friend of eighteen years is Miss Annie Mansfield Sullivan. Her betrothed is John Albert Macy, one of the honor men in his class of 1899 at Harvard. In English and philosophy he won distinction. He was the regular editor of the *Advocate*, and its last editor-in-chief. He was also editor of the *Lampoon*. He displayed talent as an amateur actor at college, and he was a popular fraternity man. In 1900 he received the degree of M. A., and the same year he was made instructor in Engish at Havard, a position he still holds. He is also miscellany editor of the *Youth's Companion*. He is twenty eight years old. Miss Sullivan is ten years older.

She was born in Springfield, of humble parents. It was thought that the child was blind, and a priest secured entrance for her into the Perkins Institute for the Blind. An operation saved her from total loss of sight, although she cannot see clearly to-day. In 1887, she was graduated from the Perkins Institute, and sent to Alabama to teach Helen Keller. Since that time they have been inseparable companions, and their friendship has transcended that of the Scriptural David and Jonathan, or the legendary Damon and Pythias.

Mr. Macy met the girl while he was a senior at Harvard. Shortly he found the teacher even more interesting then her wonderful pupil. Often he was seen bicycling with them on the smooth roads about Cambridge while Miss Keller was a student at Radcliffe. He went to St. Louis with them last Summer and assisted at the demonstrations Miss Keller publicly made of her genius of touch and the wonderful receptivity of her mind. He wrote the introduction of her book, "The Story of My Life."

Persons who saw his indefatigable attentions to the twain believed that they saw the budding of a romamce for the blind girl. And it is her romance, a happier romamce than that of Nydia, the blind girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii." It is not given to any one else to be so important a third, to be as nearly engaged and married as is Helen Keller.

Concerning Proctor's

FOR WEEK OF FEBRUARY 6TH.

"That Girl from Texas," a new comedy drama written by Mark E. Swan, will receive its first production in New York City on Monday afternoon, February 6th, when it will be presented by the Proctor Stock Company at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre. This piece was written for a special starring tour of Miss Jessie Mae Hall, and that clever little comedienne toured the South and West with the piece with considerable success. It is described as a pretty romance of the plains of the Southwest, the dominant figure being the daughter of a wealthy ranchman and cattle owner. It is replete with adventure and much that is dramatic, and yet, there is a plentiful sprinkling of genuine laughable comedy throughout the entire three acts. The piece will afford an unusual opportunity for Miss Beatrice Morgan, who will appear as the Texas Girl, to duplicate the great success she achieved in "The Cowboy and The Lady." An excellent part is assigned to the popular Harlem leading man, Mr. Wm. J. Helley, and the other principal characters will be interpreted by H. Dudley Hawley, Riley Chamberlin, Wm. Cullington, Julian Reed, Mathilde Deshon, Virginia Arthur, and others of Harlem's favorite stock players. The vaudeville contingent will be especially strong. The Motion Pictures.

Again Mr. F. F. Proctor comes forward with an announcement of talent for his Twenty-third Street Theatre, that reminds one of some notable benefit performance. The year's sensation in vaudeville, Carlotta, the comely young woman, who, with her almost inconceivable act of looping the loop on a bicycle in the narrow confines of a theatre thrills her beholders, is retained. She has created a great impression. From the London Hippodrome comes a brand new "Mystery Act," which has puzzled all who have witnessed it. Harry Gilfoil, known to all theatre-goers, is on deck with some up-to-date imitations, which in itself will attract many to the pretty Twenty-third Street House. The well-known Yoscarys, comedy acrobats, and the Mouliere sisters expert performers on the horizontal bars. The Basque Quartette, who have a novel singing act; Williams and Melburn, in their musical songs and dances. In "The Irish Pawnbroker," Manning and Drew present a laughable and well-acted bit of nonsense. Agnes Mahr, a clever dancer; Joe Morris, "The Jew With The Pipes"; George Hussey, a ventroquial artist; John and Carrie Mack, in an amusing skit, and a collection of particularly novel Moving Pictures.

A splendid revival of Henry Arthur Jones' and Henry Herman's popular melodrama, "The Silver King," which ran for a whole year in London, and which, when produced in New York several years ago created a sensation, will be made by the Proctor Stock Company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next week. New scenery has been painted, and new effects have been added, making the scenic investure most beautiful. The vaudeville contingent will be unusually strong. The Motion Pictures.

It is doubtful if in the history of stock companies has any one enjoyed such marked success as the F. F. Proctor Stock Company permenently located at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre. The success of this most excellent organization has been phenomenal from the opening performance. The offering for next week will be "Fighting Bob," Ed. E. Ross's beautiful South American story of love and heroism, which will be staged with a wealth of original scenery, electrical effects, etc., and with a powerful company. The vaudeville offerings made in conjunction with this play will be unusually strong.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON. Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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DEAFNESS.

An interesting article appears in *Scribner's Magazine*, in which a stranger asks a deaf man how he goes on living notwithstanding he is deaf, and says: "Is it that somehow you have learned to take the thing merely as an inconvenience and not as a curse?" In the deaf man's reply we find some very sensible advice, some of which is as follows:

The trouble with deafness is not so much that it is burdensome as that it seems such an unprofitable load. The weight that is strapped to the jockey's saddle is there for no more useful purpose than to make the race harder for the horse That is pretty much how it is with deafness. It make the race that much harder for the man. But sport is still sport. The race is still a race. Our handicaps are not of our own choosing. It is for us to go on with them and to see that they don't slacken our speed or shorten our distance any whit more than they must.

It is not wholly a deaf person's disadvantage that many forms of amusements have slight attractions for him. Provided that he can get the amount of recreation that is necessary for his health, it does not greatly matter where he finds it.

Any kind of game or sport that takes him into society and keeps him in sight of his fellows, and even to a limited degree in touch with them, is better than amusements that are solitary. If he plays solitaire let him play it in company, in sight at least, of other human creatures. There is a constant force that drives him to seclusion, but to be a recluse is unwholesome. Seclusion tends to warp the spirit.

With one sense impaired he has four left, and there is a lot left in life to a man who has four senses in good order and perhaps partial use of the fifth. There is the smell faculty. Besides being useful and protective it is at times considerably cheering. The smell of the country and the spring, the smell of the land after a summer shower, the smell of the woods in the fall, greatly excite and inspire the spirit. The smell of flowers and of salt water are very good. Smell is the least among the senses, but it is an asset worth considering when one's proper totals of assets is impaired.

Sight means almost the difference between helplessness and power. It means reading, work, the capacity to make one's living and to feed on's mind. One would say that it meant every thing were there not cases where life has been made profitable without either hearing or sight. It is the mind and not any sense or senses that is everything.

As for taste, it means that even a deaf man may take pleasure in his meals, and that is important, for meals are of such constant and frequent recurrence that it must be a serious misfortune not to find some pleasure in mere food. The sense of feeling is, of course, a good asset, though deaf people don't develop it in the degree that some blind people do. And there is sleep. Deaf people who are lucky enough not to have noises in their heads have an advantage as sleepers, and commonly profit by it, and a good sleeper has a third of all his time profitably disposed of.

Now the advantage of deafness, in so far as a detrimental thing can have an advantage, is that it favors concentration. The mind keeps going all the time, and provided it is directed by a strong will and supported by a sound body there may be a certain profit in that freedom from interruption which it gains by working in a silent world. They say that Mr. Thomas Edison, the inventor, is pretty deaf and minds it very little. If that is true it must be because his mind is constantly working to some definite purpose. Presumably it is never left to prey upon itself. It never rides. It is always driven and driven pretty hard. Of course it is an exceptional mind. But still the great problem for any deaf man is to govern what mind he has, and to keep it as busy as possible in the most profitable employment it is fit for. If he tires it out every day to fairly good purpose it won't tire him out by idle and harassing reflections. Work is the great palliation of his infirmity, and his work has got to be of rather exceptional sort, for deafness shuts him off from very many of the ordinary occupations. Persons whose deafness comes to them so early in life as to determine their choice of work have a great advantage over those who follow a calling in which hearing was essential. This was one trouble with Beethoven. He had risked all he had in music. When his deafness came it brought inaction and despair.

The deaf man ought to be pious-minded. There is nothing in deafness that can hinder him from knowing just as much about his Maker as anyone else does, or from profiting as fully as anyone else by his knowledge. There are people—a good many of them—from whose minds the thought of God, the sense of His presence, His power, His will, is seldom absent. There is solace, strength, and companionship in that condition. I would not have a deaf man sit down under the conclusion that it is God's will that he should be deaf, for I doubt if it is; but he may assure himself that his deafness accords somehow with God's justice, and that it is God's will that being deaf he should make the best of it and should still be sane and sweet and stout-hearted. There are lots of bunkers in the big links of life Deafness is only one of them and is far from being the worst. It is for theologians to settle who put them there, and we may guess if we like that it was the Adversary. But we all agree—theologians and every one—that, being in a bunker, one's duty is to work out.

A deaf man who really wants to be good has it in his favor that there are a number of sinful or inexpedient things that he cannot do to advantage. Politics is full of dangerous solicitations, but he can hardly be a leader in politics, so he is quit of most of the risks of it.

He has even a greater incentive to be temperate than most men have, for carousals are dull sport to a deaf man. To be sure speculation and avarice are open to him, and perhaps, avarice is as good a sin as he can take up with if he must cultivate any, for a decent share of riches may help his case a good deal and it is interesting to hoard and make heirs respectful. But it is unwise of him to be much of a sinner, because he is so much exposed to his own society and will be so much inconvenienced by having to associate with an unworthy person whom he cannot respect. He had better be good. He may be virtuous and still not happy—whatever the copy-books declare—but certainly, being deaf, has a great deal better chance to be happy by sticking close to virtue than by trying to be successfully wicked.

George Bean.

George Bean, an old and highly respected resident of Watertown, died, on the night of January 23d, at his late residence in Watertown, N. Y., in his eighty first year.

Mr. Bean was born in England, but had resided in Watertown for seventy-four years, forty years of which time he was employed as cobbler in the Haas shoe store. He had been deaf and dumb nearly all of his life, but notwithstanding this he was well known and had a large circle of friends, who held him in the highest respect.

He is survived by two sons, George R. Bean and Edward F. Bean, of this city, and three half-brothers, Fred, Henry and Daniel Palmer, of Elk Creek, N. Y., and one half-sister, Mrs. Betsy Skinner, of Westford, N. Y.

The funeral was held at the residence of his son, George R. Bean, at ten o'clock, Wednesday morning, January 25th.

Mr. Bean graduated from the New York (50th Street) Institution in 1840. He married a Miss Lighthill, who had three deaf-mute sisters living in Saratoga County, N. Y.

NOTICE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Brooklyn Guild will take place at St. Mark's chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, on Thursday evening, February 9th, instead of February 2d, as previously scheduled.

HENRY L. JUHRING, *President.*
G. L. REYNOLDS, *Cor. Sec'y.*
78 South Fourth Street.

Mr. Wm. S. Edwards, of Troy, N. Y., and Miss B. M. Bracy, of New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y., were united in marriage on the 29th of December at 2 P.M., at the residence of Jesse J. Bracy, Rev. Mr. Miller, of Vermillion, N. Y., officiating. Only a few friends and relatives were present. The parlor was tastefully decorated with evergreens. Ida Bracy acted as Bride's maid, cousin of the bride, and Mr. Glenn Buck, of Mexico, N. Y., best man. The bride was attired in a light blue cashmere dress, trimmed with white silk lace and pearl trimmings. After congratulations dinner was served, and the new made pair departed on the 7 o'clock rain on their wedding journey. Their uture home will be in Troy, N. Y.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Sudden Death of the Assistant Matron.

LITERARY EXERCISES

And a Few Brevities.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan 29—Our gloomy prognostications in last week's letter regarding the weather were more than justified in the early part of this week. Tuesday and Wednesday were the coldest days we have had this winter. A light dry snow fell but did not amount to anything. The wind, which accompanied it, blew it around in whirling eddies, and drove it through the cracks of all the windows, did however. It was cold and cutting and blew from all sides at once. The rooms on the west front were almost uninhabitable while this cold spell lasted, and the "gym" was like a barn However, the cold is considerably moderated now, and no serious discomfort is now experienced while going about.

On Thursday night, the whole community was surprised and shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Temple, assistant matron. Heart-failure was the cause. Mrs. Temple had not been feeling well that evening, and shortly after supper went and lay down on her sofa. After a time she was suddenly taken very ill and in a little while she died. The news came as a real shock to the college and the community. Mrs. Temple had been assistant matron of the institution ever since coming here from Minnesota, fulfilling the multifarious duties of an exacting post with efficiency and faithfulness, for nearly ten years. Not only that, but she had also been a kind friend to the students, ever ready to help them in carrying out their little plans and to gratify their wishes by any means in her power, often at the cost of serious inconvenience to herself. This was to have been her last year here, as she had already determined to give up her post in June, if not before, and to enjoy for a time a much needed rest. On Saturday, after a short service in the chapel, her body was taken to the train for the journey to its final resting-place in Sparta, Illinois. May she rest in peace.

The Literary Society held its first literary meeting for the second term in the chapel, on Friday evening The lecture was given by Mr. Ballard, '66. He discussed the question, "Which of the Nations Will Secure the Mastery of the Pacific?" and did it so as to gain the close and interested attention of all present. The debate, which followed, was a good one. The question was "Resolved: That American children should not be taught any form of religion whatever in the public schools." T. Williams, '08, and Holmes, I.C., upheld the affirmative, being opposed by Seeley, '08, and Hartman, I C. The judges, Cooley, '05, Erd, '05, and Miss Hall, '05, decided for the affirmative Not in order was a dialogue entitled, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," given by Joyce, '08, and L. Williams, I C. Then came a declamation by Underhill. '08, who rendered "The Slave Ships," from Whittier. Last came the Critic's report by Lindstrom, '06, after which the meeting adjourned.

On Saturday quite a good-sized party from here went skating, and reported pretty fair ice and a good time.

The Carnegie Library is getting to be very popular with the Kendall Green crowd, students from here, being seen there every day.

On Saturday night, seven neophytes were inducted into membership in the Kappa Gamma fraternity. Their initiation was made with all fitting rite and ceremony and they are now full-fledged members. Brothers Stewart, '99, Carpenter, '02, Flick and Erickson, '03, were present and doubtless enjoyed themselves hugely. Those admitted at that time were James M. Robertson, Thomas S. Williams, Alvin L. Kutzleb, Earl M. Mather, William Cooper, Arthur H. Jaffray, Odie W. Underhill, all of 1908.

Roy C. Carpenter. '02, has at last turned up here, after we had about given him up.

Nothing doing on the co-ed's side except the grip, which has made several victims. We told you so last week!

E. M. ROWSE, '06.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

The oftener Cupid hits the mark the more Mrs. he makes.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rev. G. R. Brush, assistant rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church has accepted a call to become the rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, in Newark. He is to take up his duties in the new field as soon as possible. Mr. Brush will occupy the Newark church pulpit at both services next Sunday. He is a graduate of Hobart College, Geneva, and his first charge was at Grace Church, in Randolph, N. Y., from which he went to St. Mary's Church, at Salamanca, coming to St. Luke's, this city, as assistant rector four years ago.

We are sorry to hear Miss Daisy McCheseney had to leave her work and go home, as she is suffering with rheumatism, also that Miss Hattie Schwingle has had to go to one of the hospitals here, something the matter with the back of her neck.

Mrs. Chas. Stein's oldest daughter expects to be confirmed in Salem church, on Palm Sunday.

Tuesday, January 24th, was Mrs. Wm Gibb's birthday. The Saturday before she kept her eyes open, for a Surprise Party might be sprung on her as so many are going around now, but the one who had planned one for her knew she might suspect, and so postponed it till her birthday and she, as well as her husband, was all unprepared Mr. C. Gibbs was the head of it all, and as he boards with them, he could not very well write out the invitations, so asked Mrs. Wm. Borinstein to help which she gladly did Those invited met at Mrs. Hebing's and Mr. C. Gibbs pretended he was going for a walk and sneaked off to the Hebings to let all know every thing was going on finely, that Mr. and Mrs Gibbs were at home reading and had not the least suspicion of what was in store for them. He hurried back home and told them some fibs, as we all do, when getting up surprise parties. As he had finished his fibbing, Mr. Hebing walked in, and the rest followed. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs' faces showed how well the secret had been kept by all. The reason Mr. Gibbs was not taken into the secret was because the managers of the party were afraid he might be tempted to get everything ready and make his wide awake wife suspect. The first prize game was threading a needle while sitting on a jug, and it caused much laughter, as those who wanted to try thought it would be, O! so easy, but when they got on the jug and tried to get one foot on top of the other and rolled over on the floor, they changed their minds Mr. Maurice De Young succeeded the nearest to getting the thread through the needle so won the prize, a cup and saucer. Then came the blowing out of a candle. One after another was blindfolded, and Mrs. C. Critchley and Mr. G. Brown were the lucky ones. Mrs. C. Critchly received a pretty vase, and Mr. G. Brown a stud stand.

Mrs. Gibbs was told to go sit down and rest, and Mrs Goodison, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Borinstein, Mr S. De Young, set the table with things "which moistens the lips and brigthens the eye," and the table was re-set three times, as there were 40 present. Mrs. Gibbs received some very useful presents, among than a saldad dish, sugar bowl, pitcher, burnt wood handkerchief box, celery dish, mustard stand and last, but not least, a lovely hatpin. Time flew fast, "good nights" were reluctantly said, and all hurried away after wishing Mrs. Gibbs many more happy birthdays. "Tom" wishes to beg pardon from Mr. G. Davis, for forgetting to say he was elected treasurer of the new Gallaudet Society. Later a visitor will beelected to go see the sick, and members of the Society.

The Rochester *Times*, prints the following dispatch from Newark, N. Y., under date of January 20:—

"Edward Severson, aged twenty-three years, was struck and instantly killed last night at eleven o'clock while returning home, by an engine running light on the Northern Central Railroad at the Bloomer Bros. factory. Severson was a deaf-mute, and when nearing the crossing cut down the track, the nearest way home, just north of the factory The engine overtook and killed him. He had attended Z. F. Westervelt's School for Mutes at Rochester, ten years. He was born in Arcadia, November 19th, 1881. Three brothers and four sisters survive. We are all sorry to learn of his sad end. His relatives and friends have the sympathy of all who knew him."

Mrs. Mills, who for years has been a missionary in China, has come to the United States for a year's rest. She was a teacher at the School for Deaf here, and so all her old friends will be delighted to see her. She would have been in Rochester sooner, but was detained at home in Nunda by her mother's illness. She has passed away, and Mrs. Mills has our deepest sympathy.

We are all glad to hear Rev. C. O. Dantzer is doing so well in Philadelphia, and hope he will always be successful there.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Diemer had a surprise party given them to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, January 23d. Mrs Diemer was Miss Palmer, and the older girls' supervisor at the Institution here for a number of years. They received a number of lovely presents.

Mr. P. Donahue and Miss R. Wolters went for a drive Sunday, and were overturned in a snow-bank, but luckily came out uninjured.

Mr. J. Burmeister leaves the Institute here, in April. He has been holding the position as baker for a number of years, and now intends to take Miss Lizzie Moore as his wife, in June. She won't have to bake bread, as he can do it all, and make her pies, etc, too.

Rev. Smielau gave the story of "Othello" before a large number of the Rochester deaf, Thursday evening.

Mr. G. Brown was to recite "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in signs, but he could not find the piece and had half forgotten the signs, so instead he told us of an accident he saw in St. Louis. Refreshments were served, and all had a good time.

Rev. Smileau left home early in the morning, but on account of the storm did not reach here till almost evening. He intended staying over Sunday but had left his wife sick at home, and was so worried that he went back early Friday morning. He did not wish to leave her, but the lovely, unselfish woman insisted, as she did not want him to disappoint us. He is expected back Saturday to hold service Sunday, and does not know the deaf have planned a surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Davis for him.

Sunday the party came off. Our Pastor came, and was pleased to see so many. Games were played, some of the old fashioned ones.

Mrs. Timmerman had a shot-gun and all tried their luck shooting at a mark. Mrs. Stein won the prize, half a dozen nut picks, for hitting the mark. Sherbert and cake were served, and all were sorry to find it was time to turn their feet toward home, so Mr. L. Hicks hurried with his Kodak, and took flash-light pictures. Then a merry crowd stood out side awaiting the car, which they thought would never come, but it did.

Mr Lyman Roberts came home last October, after being seven years out west in Wyoming. Luckily he came when he did, as his mother died as he was on his way to the West again.

TOM.

MISSIONARY TO DEAF-MUTES.

Miss Myrtle Morris left last night for Havana, Cuba. She goes as a deaf-mute missionary to the deaf-mute children of Cuba under the direction of the mission board of the Southern Baptist convention.

She was designated for this work at the Nashville convention, and has prepared herself by study of Spanish to take it up successfully in her mission field. She is well qualified to conduct the education of mutes in industrial work as well as in the school room.

Miss Morris is a Georgia woman, born, reared and educated at Cave Spring, and has taught children for several years. Her work now is the only thing of the kind ever attempted by any of the churches. It is doubtless the beginning of a movement that will bring under its influence all of the deaf-mutes in Cuba. The work of the Baptists in Cuba has been thorough and successful for more than a decade, and its present extension is entirely in line with the policy of the church.

There is a missionary preacher to the deaf-mutes to the south, Rev. O J. Whildin, who is supported by the Episcopal Church. No other attempt seems to have been made for the religious instruction of deaf-mutes in Atlanta, except a local Bible class for them at St. Mark's Church.—*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, Jan. 22.*

Missionaries are entitled to the same reduction in the regular railroad fare as are ministers and priests. An application was received by the Southern recently and granted, for a pass for Miss Myrtle Morris of the Baptist Home Mission Board, who is going to Cuba as a missionary among the deaf-mutes of the island. Miss Morris is herself a deaf mute and a graduate of the institution at Cave Spring. She is described by her friends as being a lady of pleasant personality and one of the best read women in the State. She also has wonderful powers of intuition and while she does not understand Spanish, she believes that she will have no trouble whatever in making the deaf-mutes of the island understand her and be able to teach them many things to help them help themselves. —*Editorial Comment.*

NOTICE.

Mrs. G. E. Nelson, of Buffalo, N. Y., will deliver a lecture before the De Sales Literary Society, on Wednesday evening, February 15th, 1905. Her subject will be on the Life of Abraham Lincoln. We extend to one and all the deaf of Buffalo a cordial invitation to attend this lecture. Bear well in mind the date—February 15th, 1905.

M. ALICE CARROLL, *Pres.*
MISS L. FRIEBINGER, *Sec'y,*
MR. PH. STAFFLINGER, *Treas.*

Rev. A. W. Mann Interviewed.

Silence was never more eloquent than in a recent interview with Rev. Austin W. Mann—an interview in which no word was spoken and which, despite this fact, was fraught with the keenest interest.

The interest was sustained wholly by Rev Dr. Mann's remarkable personality, for he can neither speak nor hear a word. A terrible sickness in his infancy deprived him forever of these two essential senses.

For thirty-two years, Rev. Mr. Mann has labored as an Episcopalian missionary among the deaf-mutes of the Middle Western dioceses. He has founded "silent missions" in every large city from Pittsburg to Omaha and Kansas City. On his tours the rector has addressed many institutions of learning established for the "silent people." He, himself, is a graduate of Gallaudet College for the Deaf and has had conferred upon him the honorary title of Master of Arts.

Rev. Mr. Mann was born near Pendleton, Ind., December 16th, 1841. He comes of old Revolutionary stock; his paternal and maternal ancestors settled in Virginia and Pennsylvania over two centuries ago. He spent his boyhood amid the virgin forests of the Hoosier State; and followed his father barefooted in the furrow of the pioneer plow.

When he was nine years old the lad entered the Indiana Deaf Institution at Indianapolis. Some years after his graduation he received an appointment as a teacher in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf, where he taught with rare results for some time.

But the commencement of the life work, which had always been the goal for which he was striving and which had been the inspiration of his earlier work, was in January of the year 1877, when on St. Paul's Day, Mr. Mann was ordained in the Order of Deacons by Bishop Bedell.

In 1883, at the Church of the Covenant in Philadelphia, the second order of the ministry—the Priesthood—was conferred upon Rev. Dr. Mann.

From this time until the present "that wonderful story, that never grows old," has been told to the afflicted ones: Thus is fulfilled in spirit the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; and in that day shall they hear the words of the Book, hearing with the eye and understanding."

This remarkable rector adds to his many attainments the unique art of writing and reading in a method *vice versa* to the usual custom He is able to read and write a sentence upside down. This peculiar accomplishment relieves conversers of the pencil of inconvenience, and is a profit in time. While one is notating one's query on a sheet of paper this self-educated mute has read the question and without altering once the position of the paper writes the reply in his original "upside-down" code. In this way the inquire's path is made a veritable "bed of roses."

Sign language, which Rev. Dr. Mann characterizes as the only universal language, is the mode of expression used by the rector when addressing a congregation of the "silent people."

But when the audience embraces both the hearing and unhearing, an innovation in the mode of delivering the address is introduced. The pastor of the church reads from the pulpit the paper prepared by Rev. Dr. Mann, for the edification of the congregation as a whole, and simultaneously with the rector, Dr Mann imparts his words to the deaf-mutes present, by means of the sign language. A sermon of gestures and signs in all an eloquent utterance to his own small flock; to hearing men it is an admirable bit of pantomime.

Rev. Dr. Mann wrote in his accoustomed mode, "It seems as though everyone can, with some degree of facility, read the speech of signs. The reason of its universality is that it is based on the imitative principle. Objects, actions, forms and motions are imitated Pictures are illustrations of the fact. Travelers find that any sign in a foreign country is as a great light. Signs and gestures are used mostly by the races controlled by their emotions. Signs are used more extremely than one notices; but the volume of universal sign language is not as great as that of spoken words. A sign exposition presents pictorially or ideographically the identical thoughts that are given by speech or writing."

Communicants to the number of 500 have been brought to the church as a result of the ministrations of Rev. Dr. Mann, this number, in its entirety, being composed of deaf-mutes. Many other interesting achievements have been accomplished by this most famed deaf mute of America. One interesting fact, discovered by the rector, is that among 1,600 hearing persons there is only one deaf mute. This ratio makes the results of his work doubly interesting. — *Cleveland World, January 22.*

Even an intellectual feast depends largely on the mental digestion.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that over-sprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

Last Wednesday, January 18th, was the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. Schulyer Long, and they celebrated it by entertaining their friends in a delightful manner that evening, at their new home, on South Avenue. The out-of-town guests were conveyed to the residence in a bob sled, kindly provided by Mr. Long. The evening was spent in playing progressive high five, which was followed by the serving of delicious refreshments.

First prizes were won by Mr. Thompson and Mrs Holloway, seconds by Mr. Harry Long and Mr. Johnson, who played a lady's hand; and the consolations were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett A number of beautiful presents were received, among them being cut glass salt and pepper shakers, and a cut glass olive dish, from the Council Bluffs deaf, a set of sherbet cups, from Mr. Divine; and a cut glass dish, from Mr. Harry Long.

Those present were: Mr. Hiram Phillips, Misses Fowler and Mac Dill, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Pound, Mr. Frank Johnson and Mr. Robert Henderson, editor of the *Daily Nonpareil.* Mr. L. A Divine, Miss Ota Crawford, and Mr. Lloyd Blankenship, came over from Omaha, and we are sure they felt repaid for their long trip. The guests departed at a late hour, voting Mr. and Mrs. Long capital entertainers, and expressing hopes that the host and hostess would live to celebrate many more anniversaries of their marriage.

The Long and Thompson families now live in cosey cottages which they built last summer, on South Avenue, about a mile from the Iowa School for the deaf.

There has been quite an exodus of deaf families into the country during the last few years. The first to go were Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, the former being a rtired teacher of our school. These were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, who have a nice farm half a mile east of the School. Of the deaf persons connected with the school there are now only two who reside in the city, namely Mr. Barrett and Mr. Pound. Perhaps these two will also eventually remove to the country, influenced by the glowing accounts of the pleasure and benefits of a country life, which they hear from those who have already been converted.

Rev. Rutherford, of Chicago, preached to a small audience at the Broadway M E Church, on January 22d. He was entertained by Mr. and Mrs Zorbaugh, and went to Omaha in the afternoon. He will come again in February, and Rev. Mr. Hasenstab will come in March. Rev. Mr. Cloud is also excepted in Omaha next month. There is also a Lutheran missionary, Rev. Jensen, stationed in Omaha, who used to hold weekly services in the Twin Cities, but now he only occassionaly holds them, as he now preaches in a number of smaller towns in Iowa, besides going as far west as Pueblo and Denver.

We notice in the *Deaf American* that the Omaha Ladies' Aid Society has arranged a lecture course, the first lecture in the series to be given by Mr. C. E. Comp, on January 28th. This society seems to be doing more for the Omaha deaf in a social and intellectual way than either the old or new Silentium Association.

Omaha society has received an acquisition in the person of Miss M. E. Olin, late of Lincoln, Neb. Miss Olin is an entertaining talker, having lived in so many different places. She spent an afternoon pleasantly with Mrs Barrett, last week.

The work on the large main building at the Iowa School, which had been going on uninterruptedly was stopped by the recent wave. The new hospital is nearly completed. Of it the *Hawkeye* says: "On the first floor are located the dispensary, nurse's rooms, kitchen, bath rooms, and wards for boys and girls, at either end. The floor will be use for mild and non-contagious cases. The second floor which is reached from the outside, contains wards and arrangements for the treatment of epidemic and contagious diseases, and is a counterpart of the story below. The building is absolutely fire proof. The entire cost is $30,000."

A. K. B.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

5—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.

12—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
—Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

14—3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston.
—Holy Communion.

19—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverley.

26—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.

Service every Friday at the New England Home, Allston, at 7:45 P.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK.

The L. E. S. Ball a Great Success.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The League of Elect Surds has again scored a big success. The entertainment and reception at Colonial Hall, 101st Street and Columbus Avenue, on Saturday evening, January 28th, brought together a select and numerous assemblage.

The weather on the three preceding days was the worst experienced in New York in many years, and on the night of the affair street cars did not run regularly—but the subway did, and those going to the ball were comfortably carried to within three blocks of the hall. The hall is a large one, and dancers were not crowded as has sometimes been the case at similar affairs in the past. It was gayly decorated with festoons of bunting and flags of various nations.

A little before nine o'clock the entertainment began, with Collins and Hawley, the Wooden Shoe Dancers, and they gave a unique and high class exhibition. Next came Kelly and Reno, Grotesque Acrobats, who delighted all.

Last, but not least of the entertainers, was Prof. Halman, the magician. To give a description of the many tricks would take up too much space, but it is certain that he mystified his audience by the wonderful manifestations of his skill as a prestidigitateur.

While the floor space is very large and comfortable, the stage is very small, and the performers deserve all the more credit for their fine exhibitions.

After the attendants of the hall had removed the chairs, and the musicians, headed by Leader Davis, were stationed on the stage, dancing began.

The grand march alone was worth seeing, as novelty was introduced that pleased everybody, dancers as well as spectators It was led by Floor Manager Charles J. LeClercq and wife. Following came Past Grand Ruler Edwin Allan Hodgson and Mrs. Thomas F Fox, and Grand Ruler Thomas F. Fox and Mrs Edwin A. Hodgson, and followed by other members and guests of the evening Altogether seventy-six couples were in the march, but that number would have been more than doubled had all the couples present taken part. However, there were more finely-gowned deaf ladies in it than the writer has ever before seen together in a grand march.

The order of dance consisted of two parts of ten dances each.

The committes of the evening were :—

Charles J. LeClercq, Floor Manager; Louis A. Cohen, Assistant Floor Manager.

The Reception Committee—I. N. Soper, A. Ekartd, F. W. Meinken, W. G. Jones, I. Galland, Jr., F. Knox, L Lowenstein, M. Heyman, F. Hoffman, A. Bachrach, A. L. Thomas, S. Kahn, W. Lipgens, C. Schindler, W. L. Hanson.

The Floor Committee—H. Heerdt, M. Campbell, F. W. Nuboer, H. Schuermann, C. Barnes, A Galland, C. Sanford, E McKerahan.

The new officers of the League of Elect Surds who were elected on January 14th, and who will on February 25th be installed with imposing ceremonies are:—

Thomas F. Fox, Grand Ruler; Alex. L Pach, Deputy Grand Ruler; E. Souweine, Grand Treasurer; M. Miller, Grand Secretary, C. J. Le Clercq, Grand Tiler.

Councilors—Past Grand Ruler Edwin A. Hodgson, Theodore Irving Lounsbury, and Anthony Capelli.

The affair was orderly and very enjoyable, and reflects much credit upon the Committee who planned and managed the work, and who were: Max Miller (Chairman), A L Pach, C. J. Le Clercq, M. Korngold and Louis A. Cohen.

There were many out-of-town deaf present, among whom we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. William F. Durian, a graduate of Fanwood, who has almost since graduation resided in Philadelphia; Mr. W. W. Beadell, Editor of the Arlington (N. J.) *Observer;* the Misses May and Nettie Stemple, of East Stroudsburg, Pa.; Mr. W. E. Shaw, of Boston, Mass; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J.; Miss Luella Little, of Philadelphia, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman.

Taken all in all the affair was a great success, and was indeed the event of the season. The League of Elect Surds has made great successes both in its summer and winter entertainments in bringing together vast numbers of the deaf and their friends and thoroughly pleasing them.

The generous patronage of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, the Brooklyn and New Jersey Societies, was noted and appreciated.

A number of Mr. Charles J. LeClercq's brothers in the League of Elect Surds gave him a surprise party, on Friday evening, January 27th.

The conspirators had only two days to prepare for the affair, which was gotten up to commemorate the successful attainment of the 41st milestone in Mr. LeClercq's course of life. And just here every one who knows him will feel skeptical about the figures 41, as he carries the years so jauntily that no one would suspect he had crossed the line that marks the fourth decade.

Mrs. LeClercq had been approached and instructed to keep her "worser half" away from the house until the party arrived, and she did it very neatly, for when all had been assembled in the parlor, Mr. LeClercq was visiting a neighbor His good wife went after him, and when he beheld his friends to the number of a dozen seated in the parlor, his face took on a look of amazement.

He was heartily congratulated, and then seated in the center of the room, while Mr. Hodgson addressed him in behalf of those present and then handed him a gold watch-chain as a testimonial of the friendship and esteem of all present.

Mr. Le Clercq made a neat response, and then passed round a box of Havana perfectos, which was an individual gift from Mr. A. L. Pach.

After Mr. Pach had read letters from absentees, who could not be present from one cause or another, Mrs. Le Clercq invited all to a sumptuous repast, during which the host and hostess were toasted amid much enthusiasm.

After the supper Mr. LeClercq's "den" was visited, and all inspected the fine outfit which proves him a veritable Nimrod and Izaak Walton in one.

Mr. LeClercq is an all-around commercial artist. He is an expert amateur photographer, an artist in oil and water colors, a designer in pen and ink, and a first-class photo-engraver. With the foils he is very clever, with the gun or pistol his aim is unerring, while in pursuit of sport piscatorial he is most ardent as well as successful.

Besides Mrs. LeClercq, Mrs. Pach and Miss Schrieber, there were present: Dr T. F Fox, Messrs. A. L Pach, Henry Kohlman, M. Korngold, M. Heyman, I N. Soper, Fred. Hoffman, Max Miller, F. W. Meinken, and E. A. Hodgson.

This Saturday evening, beginning at 8:15 P. M, at the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, 148th Street, a few doors west of Amsterdam Avenue, will be shown a series of Tableaux that will prove highly interesting as well as beautiful, and the small admission price of 25 cents in within the reach of all. More than that, those attending will have the satisfaction of knowing that the proceeds are for a worthy object—the helping of the poor, sick and distressed deaf-mutes, irrespective of creed or race. The severity of of the winter has brought to light cases where relief would prove a great boon, and therefore it is hoped that very many of the deaf will seize this opportunity of contributing their mite, not to speak of the pleasure the entertainment will afford, or the meeting and chatting with old friends. There are reserved seats at 35 cents for those who want front seats, or for late comers. Come early, and help the good cause along.

There was a big attendance at the room of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Thursday, January 26th. The cause of the crowded room was the annual election of officers, and the spirited rivalry between the adherents of opposing candidates, made the meeting a memorable one. Marcus L. Kenner was up against Arthur C. Bachrach for the presidency. On the first ballot he did well, each receiving seventeen votes But that was the best the youthful Kenner could do, and on the succeeding ballot Bachrach won. The first and second vice-presidency caused a good deal of excitement, but Samuel Frankenheim had a walk-over for the secretaryship. Here is the result of the election:—

President.....Arthur C Bachrach
1st Vice-Pres.....Charles Bothner
2d Vice-Pres.....Henry Kohlman
Secretary.....Samuel Frankenheim
Treasurer.....Simon Hirsh

Members of the Executive Committee: Seymour A. Gomprecht and Emanuel Souweine.

The Installation of Officers occurs on Thursday, February 9th.

Joseph Masner, of Boston, is in the German Hospital, at 77th Street and Lexington Avenue, to undergo an operation for stone in the bladder.

On Wednesday evening, February 15th, the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club will give an apron and tie party, at its club room, on 14th Street.

Mr. Charles Bryan's lecture at the rooms of the Brooklyn Guild on the evening of January 26th last, was well attended considering the disagreeable weather. As was expected, Mr. Bryan's delivery was forcible and dramatic, and held the close attention of his audience for two hours, and at the conclusion of the lecture he was greeted with rounds of applause. The sum of money allowed lecturers for their expenses, Mr. Bryan generously donoted to the charitable fund of the Brooklyn Guild.

On account of not being able to obtain the use of the *whole* chapel on February 22d next, the "patriotic supper" which the Brooklyn Guild was to have held on that evening has been given up. In its place the Brooklyn Guild will have an entertainment on the same evening (Feb. 22nd) and at its conclusion refreshments will be served. Mrs. Ella Turner will manage the affair, which is a guarantee that it will be a success. Full particulars in next week's JOURNAL.

After a lay-off of nearly five weeks, Mr. I. N. Soper is again busily employed at his old place, the Garvin Machine Company, as a pattern-maker. Mr. Soper has had steady employment in New York for over twenty-five years, consequently the rest he got did not disagree with him. We believe Mr. Soper and Mr. Timmerman, of Rochester, N. Y., are the only deaf-mute pattern makers in the United States.

M. Schoenfeld got a letter from Vienna, stating that "Mr. Solomon N. Loew, a cousin of our wellknown Jacques Loew (who some time ago was decorated with a gold medal for meritorious service by the Emperor Francis Joseph I.) has been honored by the same emperor, on the occasion of his anniversary as secretary to counsellor, Dr Nenda, of Vienna, with the order of the silver crown." A cheer for both of these ambitious deaf-mutes!

Mr. W. E. Shaw, the deaf-mute electrician, of Boston, was in town last week, and attended the entertainment and reception of the League of Elect Surds. He is doing quite a good business in selling his electrical contrivances, and is talking of engaging some one for office work in his Boston establishment.

On Sunday, January 29th, the Westchester (Boys') Branch of St. Joseph Institution held a Social. Many invitations to graduates and friends of the school were sent out, and it is learned that the affair was largely attended and very enjoyable, and praise is given to the committee who so ably carried it through.

Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, of Portchester, spent last Sunday in this city, visiting "Dr." Barnes and his most charming wife, and they had a most enjoyable time chatting over old college days Mrs. Barnes before marriage was Miss Bertha Block.

Mr. John Kuckens, of Jersey City, after twenty years as a cobbler on his own hook, has ceased that business, and is now working for the Safety Car Heating and Light Co, in Jersey City.

Mr. John Kennedy and Miss Mary Tierney were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, on Sunday, January 29th.

On Saturday evening, January 7th, 1905, Miss Toba Sherman was formally betrothed to Mr. Joel Borek.

Deaf-Mute Walks in Sleep from Window

HENRY D. REAVES RECOVERING FROM STROKE OF PARALYSIS HAS SHOULDER DISLOCATED AND RIGHT ARM FRACTURED.

Henry D. Reaves, a deaf and dumb man, walked through an open window in the second story of his residence at 323 West Twenty-seventh street early yesterday morning while asleep and fell a distance of twenty-two feet to the ground The somnambulist suffered a double fracture of his right arm and a dislocation of the shoulder.

Reaves is convalescing from a stroke of paralysis, and considering this circumstance, in conjunction with his advanced age, his escape from death seems miraculous The attending physician, Dr. Manning, believes that the injured man will recover from the shock.—*Los Angeles Examiner, Jan. 20.*

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, FEBRUARY 5TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M., Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J, 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Colonial Social in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, February 7th. Free with welcome to all. Committee: Mrs. Pfeiffer, Misses Mabel Pearce, V. Pearce, E. Thadwald, M. Brewer.

PHILADELPHIA.

Strange Cases of Loss of Speech.

PROFITS OF THE FAIR.

Church Improvements Contemplated.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following two cases of loss of speech are not without interest.

Stricken, according to physicians, with a peculiar form of hysteria, which deprived her of her speech, a nice-looking, apparently refined young woman who is believed to be an actress, was yesterday found in a helpless condition near Eighth and Vine streets by Policeman Conway, of the Sixth district. The woman, who is about 20 years old, as near as can be learned, got off of a street car and suddenly became bewildered. When taken to the station house she did not appear to be ill, but was extremely nervous and could not talk. Every effort was made to learn something about her and Sergeant Leary and Matron Gallagher used every artifice to induce her to tell her name.

She could say apparently but two words, "yes" and "no," and she either could not or would not write. In every other respect she seemed to be normal. In a ring which she wore on the third finger was engraved G. Opdyke, and under that name she was sent to the Philadelphia Hospital by the police surgeon, declared to be a victim of hysteria in a form which affected her vocal organs.

On the way to the hospital the woman made every effort to enlighten the members of the patrol crew and showed them programs from several theatres and by gestures and pointing to names on the program gave Pat olman Pierce to understand that her husband is an actor. She wore a velvet hat, white and black-striped waist, black skirt and gray Oxford coat. The police are much interested in the woman and every effort is being made to identify her.—*Phila. Press.*

GETTYSBURG, Jan. 29.—The trial of the important suit of Wagner vs. Spangler in Common Pleas Court was brought to an abrupt close yesterday, when the star witness for the defense was stricken dumb on the stand.

After Spangler's attorneys had outlined their case they called David Gulden, whose testimony is the mainstay of the defense. Gulden took the stand, but when questioned he did not reply. His lips moved, but no sound issued. After vainly struggling to articulate he wrote on a slip of paper: "I cannot talk."

Dr. F. C. Wolf was called into Court and after on examination said that Gulden had been stricken with paralysis of the throat. Objection was made to taking his written testimony and the case was continued until next term.—*Phila. Record.*

The Philadelphia Local Branch held a meeting at Harrison Hall last Saturday evening, January 28th. The attendance was good. The most important and interesting business was the reading of the Fair report by Mr. J. Add. McIlvanie, Jr., Chairman of the Fair Committee. After the reading, Mrs. M. J. Syle sprung a pleasing surprise upon all by announcing that she had just received $20 additional from a friend in response to her Fair appeal. With this addition the Fair figures now stand as follows:

Receipts from Donations		$373 12
Receipts from Sales		545 69
Receipts from Tickets		70 40
		989 21
Expenses		94 16
Net Profit		$895 05

Mrs. Syle alone brought in $150 of the donations. Mrs. E. D. Wilson visited more stores and brought more saleable things than any other person. Her aid was considered valuable, and several other deaf assisted all they could. Mr. McIlvaine, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Ziegler, Mr. Sanders and a number of deaf ladies were among the workers. It can not be said then that the hearing helpers at the Fair deserve more credit for its success than the deaf. We gave them unstinted praise for their help, and we do so even now; but we do not think that any one should be little the work of the deaf by making it appear that their great success was only gained by the aid of the hearing. It may be taken for granted that there is no fair of the deaf held any where that does not receive the assistance or patronage of hearing friends.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer was able to make the pleasing announcement on Sunday that great improvements are to be made to the interior and exterior of All Souls' Church. The building has been inspected by a Committee appointed by the Bishop, and their report recommended improvements which may cost a couple thousand of dollars. The Bishop and Church Commission has generously promised to bear the whole expense. One of the improvements will be a sloping floor in the nave of the church, which is very desirable. The arrangement of the chancel could be improved upon, but this part may be undertaken by the deaf themselves. As yet we do not know when the work of improving the church will be started, but it will probably be in the Spring or Summer time.

A Valentine Party will be given at All Souls' Hall on February 14th. Those desiring an evening of fun and pleasure should not fail to attend this party. An admission price of ten cents will be charged. Mrs. Syle and Mrs. Dantzer have charge of this event and they will make an earnest effort to make it a truly enjoyable one to all.

The entertainment announced for February 22d, at All Souls' Hall, will be postponed to a later date.

The Clerc Literary Association held its monthly social on Thursday evening last.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Frank A. Schuster, of Camden, for the loss of his father by death on Saturday. He died of Bright's Disease, at the advanced age of 83.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer held a service in Trenton on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wallwork have moved from Gladwyne to Fox Chase.

Mrs. Delbow, of Pennsgrove, N. J., is visiting in the city.

The following Committees of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf have been announced:

Executive Committee—B. R. Allabough, Chairman; G. M. Teegarden and J. S. Reider.

Committee on Arrangements—R. M. Ziegler, Chairman; Thomas Breen and E. D. Wilson.

Committee on Revision of By Laws—F. C. Smielau, Chairman; J. S. Reider, R. M. Barker, G. M. Teegarden and B. R Allabough.

Committee on Finance—Thomas Breen, Chairman; F. W. Booth and E. D. Wilson.

Committee on Donations—B. R. Allabough, Chairman; R. M. Ziegler, F. A Leitner, Rinhart Fritzges and O. N. Krause.

Committee on Publication—B. R. Allabough and R. M. Ziegler.

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union gave its eleventh annual masquerade ball on the 28th, and a very successful affair, social and financial, it proved to be. The weather was cold and bracing and the crowd that turned out as large as any in preceding years, if not larger, making the receipts from the cloak room alone almost pay for the rent of the hall. The following account of the affair was taken from a local daily:

"The St. Louis Gallaudet society gave its annual masquerade ball last night at Compton hall, Compton and Park avenues. The society is composed of deaf-mutes. The attendance was large and the costumes various. The deaf guests apparently enjoyed themselves. Dancing was a feature of the evening and while none of the merry-makers could hear a single strain of the piano, which kept hammering away, they danced both waltz and two-step in perfect rhythm with the music.

"When asked the secret of their correct dancing they declared it was by watching the movements of those who were not deaf and by feeling the vibration of the piano strings through the air. It was observed that when the deaf waltzers neglected to watch those who could hear the music, they frequently got out of step.

"The masquerade delighted the guests. Historic, national and comic characters proudly paraded up and down the hall. Master George Washington Roeder, 7 years old, was costumed as George Washington, for whom he is named. He was awarded the first gentleman's prize.

Little George's birthday falls on February 22d, the birthday of the father of his country. Miss Sarah Fadem, attired as a ballet girl, secured the first ladies' prize. The two second prizes were awarded to Miss Emily Englehorn, "Topsy," and Charles D. Jones who created considerable amusement as a "bashful schoolboy.' Miss Josephine Shoup, of 1847 North Broadway, made a hit as "the *Globe-Democrat* girl." She was dressed from head to foot in *Globe-Democrats*. The committee of judges consisted of Miss Maud Whitsett, John R. Burns and A. Gruenwald. Officers C. H. Marshall and Ed. E. Walton of the 7th district, dropped in during the entertainment and were at first mistaken for masqueraders. The officers were nonplussed when they saw dozens of fingers flying in their faces as the dancers "whispered soft nothings" to each other while tripping the light fantastic."

What was most gratifying at the ball was that the number of maskers was larger than ever before and we hope before long to see all, save the floor committee, hiding their features behind masks, grotesque or otherwise.

The writer regrets that his duties prevented him from securing a complete list of the maskers, and the person commissioned for that purpose, in the hurry of departure, forgot to turn over the names and characters he had secured.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club will give their 24th annual masquerade ball on February 4th, at the Anchor Hall, at Jefferson and Avenues.

The Gallaudet Union held its regular monthly meeting an the 20th. The treasurer's report showed a good balance on hand, in spite of the heavy drain on the treasury for charitable work. Literary selections were given by Messrs. Steidmann, Burgherr and Bennett and Misses Schwier, Molloy and Schum.

Mr. Robert McFarland, who recently returned from a trip to Cincinnati, was rather surprised to see himself announced as a married man in a certain school paper. Asked for definite information on the subject, he denied it with blushes. The reader can draw his own inference.

Miss McClure is in the city as the guest of her friend, Miss Molloy, for a few days.

The writer wishes to say a few last words about that resolution. The opinions he expressed about it were his own, he corresponded with no one on the subject. What he stood for all along was the answer to why was the resolution thought to be necessary? Mr. Veditz in the *Deaf American* of January 12th, gives the reason that he "believed it was for the good of the N. A. D., as it would give that body representation in the person of its chief executive officer on the most important business committee, barring the program committee, with which each convention will have to deal." Mr. Veditz might have been sincere in this, but he surely knew that the only way to do this would be to offer an amendment to the by-laws or Constitution; a resolution is but a solution and can be set aside any retime. This was pointed out by Prof. J. S. Long some time ago in the Iowa Deaf *Hawkeye*, and disposes of the only defense Mr. Veditz has given in support of this resolution.

We indulge in no insinuations; we have striven to use courteous and gentlemanly language throughout the discussion and expect it from others; hence we regret extremely that after giving the above reason, Mr. Veditz, in his own language in speaking of the Local Committee, should seem fit to "stand up on his hind legs and tell his sympathizing friends," (where are they), that the writer and "P. W. H." of the *Register*, really and truly submit their copy to Rev. Cloud to 'blue pencil' it before sending it off; that he is surprised to see others disagree with him; drags up and ressurrects St. Paul convention matters; tells what he would have done if anything had happened at the 'acute stage'; rehashes at this late hour some of the mistakes of the Local Committee, and blames them for the high price of St. Louis sandwiches; and disparages the whole series of entertainments, although in parenthesis this did not keep him from being a regular attendant at each and *every* one of them. All these suppositions but amuse us, they are humorous reading, make a thirty cent reply look imposing by filling up two or three columns in themselves, and satisfy the cheap mind of the writer who has no facts to back up his cause. And in all these insinuations, suppositions and what not, where is the resolution?

Mr. Veditz gets down to sense in the last part of his reply by saying should any of the executive committee move to expunge it, he will act. On the same page of the *Deaf American*, one can see that Dr. Smith, the recent ex-President of the N. A. D., had told Rev. Cloud that the Executive Committee, in his belief, had no authority to do so, which shows just how little the former or the present President knows of the laws by which the N. A. D. is governed.

As the St. Louis agent of the JOURNAL the writer has not felt it worth while to sign his name, but as this is the last of the matter he takes the liberty of giving his address, so that should Mr. Veditz or others care to say anything they can go ahead.

ARTHUR O. STEIDEMANN,
4110 N. 11th St,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Brooklyn Ball.

With the Annual Masquerade Ball of the Brooklyn Club only a week off, a few words thereon will not be out of place. The Committee in charge of arrangements report a most gratifying sale of tickets. The members have vied with each other in an endeavor to dispose of the greatest number, and as a result of this friendly rivalry a very considerable number has been sold and the affair promises to be a most pronounced success. In addition, each member has agreed to contribute a prize towards augmenting the already large list to be presented by the club. The chairman will appoint a committee composed entirely of outsiders to award these prizes, which will be given for the most original, most comical and handsomest costumes. Separate prizes for ladies and gentlemen.

Masked balls, by the way, of late years, have not enjoyed the favor they really deserve. Perhaps there's good reason. Perhaps it's because our tough friends have invariably taken advantage of such occasions to make themselves conspicuous, much to the disgust of our eminent respectable element, who usually remain away. Perhaps it's because too much latitude is permitted at such affairs. At any rate, in this connection, the committee desires to state that positively no objectionable features whatever will be tolerated on *this* occasion. Our friends may imitate Chuck Connors as much as they like, but any tendency towards "French ball" tactics will be instantly suppressed.

The hall is large and commodious, and has been entirely renovated for the occasion. Too great a crowd cannot come—the more, the merrier.

Graham Avenue and Bushwick Avenue trolley cars pass the door.

THE COMMITTEE.

OHIO.

Can Any One Locate Herschel Stanley.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

News Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

A special to the Columbus *Evening Dispatch* from Springfield, Ohio, last Saturday evening states that Chief O'Brien received a letter from Mrs. Laura Stanley, of Columbus, requesting him to locate her husband, Herschel Stanley, who is deaf and dumb. According to the information in the letter, Stanley came to this city last week and wrote his wife that he would return home Monday or Tuesday of this week. He did not and she is afraid something has happened to him. So far as we know the missing man has not turned up yet.

The father of Mr. C. H. Cory has resigned as superintendent of the motive power of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville systems, with headquarters at Lima, O., to take effect February 1st. He has held the position for the past twenty years with much credit, his advancing years making the step necessary. In addition to the above duties, he is also a director of a Lima bank, and has interests in the Proctor-Gamble Company, makers of the well advertised Ivory Soap. His son, Charles, whose home is in Dayton, is a graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf, and old files of the JOURNAL in the latter eighties contain letters from the school under his name or *nom-de-plume*.

Superintendent Jones completed another year of his life Wednesday, and received congratulations accordingly, from the household. At the supper table he treated the pupils to candy.

Mrs. Frank E. Philpott stopped over here a few hours Tuesday morning, and shook hands with friends at the Institution. She was, on her way to Akron, where she will be kept busy packing up household goods for Chicago, where she and her husband will make her home for some time to come. The Akron deaf will miss their company.

Miss Ada Adair was pleasantly surprised with a birthday party last Saturday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Black. Various games helped to make the affair enjoyable all around, and as a souvenir of the occasion she was presented with a beautiful framed picture. Dainty refreshments were passed around before the party broke up. Those present were Miss Adair, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Misses Naylor, Gould, Snyder, Rauch, and Messrs. Connolly, Bannon, Koehn and Burcham.

Mr. C. W. Charles conducted services at the Home last Sunday. Everybody was well there.

Superintendent Byers recently butchered two large hogs, from which twenty-five gallons of lard were obtained, and ninety-one pounds of sausage sold.

The Dayton deaf have organized a branch of the Chicago Fraternal Society of the Deaf. To help it along, Mr. Albert Berg, of the Indianapolis School, has been secured to give a lecture in the evening of March 18th, at Miller's Hall, Main and Washington Streets.

The motive power in the carpenter shop and printing office has been changed from steam to electricity. A 7½ horse-power moves that in the carpenter shop, and the press on which the *Chronicle* is run off, has a two horse power.

M. George Shade was mingling with the pupils, Sunday. He lives up at North Columbus, near Worthington.

Hanlon's "Superba" played in the city during the week, and Wednesday evening some thirty of the older pupils were given permission to attend the play under the charge of Mr. Geo. Winemiller. It is needless to say they enjoyed the funny pantomime of the actors.

Mr. Fred Koehn, after working for several months in the Columbus Chain Works, returned to his home at St. Mary's, to work in a like position, in a mill there.

Dayton, O., will claim Mr. William Rose now. He has secured a better place there, in a cracker factory.

The condition of Mrs. A. H. Schory at this writing is extremely low, and no hopes are held out for her recovery. She has been sick since early fall.

Mr. Harry E. Romoser has left Peru, Ind, and is now employed in Marion, Ohio His address is 403 Bellefontaine Avenue. Mr. Chas. Wasserstrom, of Cleveland, will hereafter make his home at 198 Sawtell Avenue, that city.

Clionian Society had Mr. Odebrecht give a lecture last Saturday evening, who entertained his audience with a lecture on Juluis Cæsar. He was given a vote of thanks.

Jan. 28, '05. A. B. G.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

The Enjoyable Monthly Reunion.

EXCITING BASKET BALL.

Happenings of the Week.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The regular monthly reunion took place on Saturday, January 28th, at seven o'clock, in the boy's and girl's sitting rooms. The committee who superintended the affair was Samuel Cohen and Miss Annie Bonoff, assisted by the committee of arrangements, composed of our teachers, Misses Townsend, Forsythe and Currier. The customary grand march marked the opening of the evening's social hour, and immediately after it all took to the games and amusements. All the dances that the Muse could devise were indulged in, and so many were they, that it would be more fitting for them to be described by other than a masculine pen. A new pupil said of the occasion that he "breathed in draughts of pleasure." The enjoyments of the evening kept the pupils so interested, while time flew on rapidly, till the hour to retire arrived and all went away with happy and smiling faces. The teachers deserve the credit and praise due them for the evening's enjoyment.

The fierce blizzard of Wednesday last caused much inconvenience here. All Fanwood was surrounded by a high wall of snow, the wind blew like a tempest, and the thermometer registered below zero. "Talk of weather here! 'tis simply dreadful," was the remark overheard everywhere. The lady teachers and several officers were obliged to remain overnight and enjoy the hospitality of the Institution, till the storm abated the next morning. Milk could not be procured until a day later.

Saturday last, an exciting game of basket ball was played between two picked team with high sounding names. Games are played by several teams every Saturday in the gymnasium under the supervision of Mr. Trevanion G. Cook, our physical director, and this is one of many. The first half ended in the score of 22 to 10, in favor of Sunset, but the second one turned out to be a tie. The score:

Sunset		Blue Bell
McAllister	R. F.	Griffith
Wells	L. F.	Kutner
Tanzas	C.	Robinson
Henke	R. G.	Lykes
Agresto	L. G.	Zeiss

Goals—McAllister 9, Tanzas 6, Griffith 6, Wells 4, Zeiss 4, Robinson 3, Henke 1, Agresto 1. Lykes 1. Umpire—Mr. T. G. Cook. Scorer, H. Plapinger. Two twenty minute halves.

The writer has just learned that Miss Kate Currier is not the only one at the Institution whose natal day occurs on January 18th, the birthday of Benjamin Robert Winthrop, the deceased President of the Institution. The other is in the person of Mr. Thomas J. Bulger, instructor in field music.

Mr. John Melledy, well-known by the old graduates as a tutor here, was a caller last week, at the Institution.

Captain Mendel Rosenberg and Sergeant Samuel Cohen were at the Eden Musee on Saturday last.

Jiu-jitsu, or the Japanese art of self-defense, is gaining advocates here. It has been put in use by some of the pupils for accomplishment, and the various twists and turns used make one certainly feel dizzy. Cadet Fred. G. Halves is the foremost admirer of this art, and the way he uses the art by which one can down a strong man is simply wonderful. But sad to say, the art proved a humbug, when he was easily defeated by a much weaker opponent in the gymnasium. What can he say of it to S. Paul, his opponent!

This time Prof. Jones gave "How the Brigadier Saved the Army," of the Gerard stories, in the chapel, on Sunday evening last.

Miss Marguerite Dale, tutoress of the girls, resigned last week.

Mr. W. Durian, of Philadelphia, Pa., was a caller at the Institution on Sunday last.

Among the recent visitors to the Institution were Mrs. Whittemore and daughter, of England. Mrs. Whittemore is the daughter of Mrs. Douglass Robinson, Sr., whose father, Col. James Monroe, built the Mansion House, and the main purpose of her visit was to see the old homestead. She also visited the classrooms and expressed great pleasure at the skill displayed by the Kindergarten tots.

S. C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There will be a special meeting of Albany and Troy deaf-mutes, to consider the coming excursion, in the Albany Parish House (on Jay Street side), at eight o'clock, February 4th.

C. F. MULL,
Chairman.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

At the school, the supervisors, both on the boys' and girls' side, are assisted by certain of the pupils who have shown themselves especially fitted for the work. This arrangement is a great help to the supervisors, beside giving those selected experience and a degree of dignity that makes the position desirable to many. The officers of of the school show the monitors special honors occasionally and this enhances the value of the position in the eyes of the pupils generally.

On Friday evening, January 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Burt entertained the monitors in their apartments, and from information, we have been able to receive, it was a charming affair to the participants. Conversation and games of chance and skill were indulged in, and dainty refreshments were served. We have no doubt all those present were glad they were monitors, for none others were admitted. These "monitor parties" have come to be looked for with pleasurable anticipations by those who are entitled to take part in them, and help to compensate for the extra duties imposed on those who help to keep the whole body of pupils in this line of duty.

The time-honored question of the relative merit of town and country life was debated at a recent meeting of the Gallaudet Society. The country advocates bore off the laurels, as was proper, and now the pupils think they would be happier if the Institution were located at least twenty-five miles from town.

Mr. Grimm, the supervisor, had a chance to thrill the pupils with some of his entertaining stories last Saturday evening. Nothing seems to be more thoroughly enjoyed by the pupils than good, wholesome narratives with something of a thrill running through them. Much depends on the telling and it seems in nearly all our schools there are fewer and fewer competent story-tellers or readers. More's the pity, for when the duty devolves on one or two it is apt to become monotonous unless one possesses the nack of being a "variety unto himself." Mr. Grimm fills the bills, it seems.

Don't tell Miss Ada Curran that when the 13th of the month falls on a Friday it is found to be a most unlucky day. If you do she will retort that it is a slander on the day, for didn't she find a purse containing nine dollars on the 13th of January, and she'll proceed to convince you that such happenings *are lucky*. She won't make any reference to the unlucky wight, who dropped the purse, however.

January 14th was the date of a very pleasant euchre party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs J. C. Taylor—he of the shears and goose The fun began long before the house was reached. Be it known that the Taylors live among the hills of old Allegheny, which are neither few nor level. The frequent snows just previous had put a fine, old Winter's coat on those hills—just splendid for bobsleds and toboggans, but for those who essayed to foot it, it was decidedly a slippery *understanding* And such a getting-down hill you never did see. About as many got down on their backs as on their feet. There were twenty-four at the euchre. The Sawhills, Friends and others from Braddock, didn't consider it too far to go. F R. Gray was there, too, in the capacity of master of ceremonies. Twelve games were played and as results the ladies' first prize went to Miss Marguerite Bracken, and the first gentlemen's, to Mr. Taylor. Miss Delia Cawley took one booby, and G. M Teegarden the other; this latter was in the shape of an open-mouthed Mephistopheles. Mr and Mrs. Taylor again demonstrated their ability to cater to the hungry in first class style by serving a very dainty and appetizing lunch. Altogether it was a very pleasant meeting.

In response to invitations, *sub rosa*, a number of our deaf people assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Annis, East End, Pittsburg, on Saturday evening, January 21, the occasion being Mr. Annis' birthday. The gentleman was quite taken off his base by so many turning up so unexpectedly, but he was soon master of the situation, however, and took things in a matter-of-fact way. A very enjoyable evening was passed by those present. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Annis and her daughter. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Allabough, Mr. and Mrs Sawhill, Mrs. John Friend, Miss Ida Heim, Miss Annie Graham, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Starkey, Horace Waters, Elmer Havens, Charles Reiser, H. H. B. McMaster, William Shull and Charles Fritzges. Among the gifts received by Mr. Annis may be mentioned: box of cigars, book, cuff-links, four-in-hand tie, picture frame and inkstand.

Quite a number of our deaf people went to see Kellar, the magician, perform his remarkable feats last week. Anything that savors of mystery or fun is popular among our people, it seems, and those who saw Kellar were mightily pleased. McFadden's Flats will be tried next, so I hear.

The following sage remark was picked up in a paper recently: "Denver is growing wonderfully fast but is suffering from the fact that many of its deaf-mute residents have been out of work for a good many weeks, and are still so"

We are sorry our Denver friends are minus work and sorry that the wonderful growth of the city is retarded by that "fact" We are well aware that the deaf are in evidence in many capacities, but we never dreamed that the power and development of great municipalities depended on their having steady employment. They'd better see the Board of Trade about it.

Talk about being busy and modest; Pittsburg is great because of her mighty business connections, but modest withal. Her deaf people seem to take of the general characteristic of the smoke-begrimmed city. To illustrate; for sometime past attempts have been made to get a good, live Pittsburger to represent the JOURNAL regularly, and keep the world posted as to our doings, but to date all attempts have failed. There's no lack of material to draw on, but every inducement has been met by the plea of a lack of time—too busy—or that some one else could do better—pure modesty. That's why we have been persuaded to resume our "occasionals" again, and to include Allegheny County—as far as we can reach—in our mention.

G. M. T.

Luther Taylor.

Luther Taylor, of Olathe, Kan., in some ways is the most remarkable figure in base ball to-day Immediately after the season, he rests a week, softens his fingers, and proceeds to teach school during the entire winter.

It is his fourth year with New York, and guided by McGraw, he has risen to a position second to none among pitchers. Last year more than one stockholder in the New York club demanded Taylor's release, because he lost so many games, most of them being defeats by one run. McGraw would not listen to them.

"When Taylor settles down," he said, "he will be as good if not better than Matthewson or McGinnity." Taylor has now settled down.

His efficiency in pitching is mainly due to a fast drop ball, plenty of speed, good judgment in mixing them, and a windmill of motion that very often scares a batter.

No team in the league cares to face Taylor when he is right.

The mute pitcher is married, and a very charming wife feels it keenly when the fans roast her husband for losing a game. Taylor is also very sensitive. He will stand all sorts of "kidding" from the boys on the team, but when a stranger in Chicago on the last western trip told him he was wanted on the telephone they had a hard time keeping Taylor from knocking the man down. Taylor can read pretty well from the motion of the lips, as was illustrated one evening in a threatre. where an actor made a crack about "I wish I was 'Dummy' Taylor."

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor understood immediately, and joined in the laugh.

Taylor will be with the Giants next year.—*Ex.*

Luther was one of Supt. Walker's little boys during his superintendency of the Kansas Institution, and while Mr. Walker cannot lay claim to teaching him the the science of base-ball he used to encourage the fellow when he was a member of the scrub team. Luther (the Giant) used to call on Mr. Walker in Chicago frequently and he would like to see him in Louisiana.—*The Pelican, Louisiana.*

Wm Hoy, the famous ball player who played for the Los Angeles team in the Pacific Coast league last season, has bought a farm of a little over twenty-four acres, eight miles north from the center of Cincinnati. It has about the finest lawn in the country district, and contains some big old maple trees, some being two feet in diameter. The place has a national reputation, the Carys having immortalized it in poetry. The Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe were born and reared on the place The place was originally granted to a Revolutionary War soldier by Congress in lieu of soldier's pay in service of the army. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Hoy every happiness and prosperity in their new home.—*Deaf American.*

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a. 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

The Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	12
23	20	18	15	26
			29	

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to *show* your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

ST. VALENTINE SOCIAL
BY
The Clerc Society.
AT
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128 Pearl Street Buffalo, N. Y.
Friday evening,
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Something novel is in store for you; come one, come all, and enjoy the fun.
Admission, (including refreshments) 25 cts.

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Wednesday Evening, Ferbuary 22.
DOOR OPENS AT 7:30 O'CLOCK.
ADMISSION, . . . 25 cents
Under the Auspices of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes.

Tableaux Vivants
IN AID OF
St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes
IN THE
Guild Room OF THE Church
148th Street, West of Amsterdam Ave.
ON THE EVENING OF
Saturday, Feb. 4, 1905
at 8:15 o'clock
TICKETS
First 5 Rows, Reserved 35 Cents
Admission - - 25 Cents
COMMITTEE:
R. E. Maynard, *Chairman*
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Tickets may be had of the Committee and Members of the Guild of Silent Workers.

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THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:
I have a very few lithographs of the *old school*, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.
I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the *finest ever published*, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9½ inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A *marked* sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or $1.00 per *baker's dozen*.
On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to $2 00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.
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TICKETS, - - 25 CENTS
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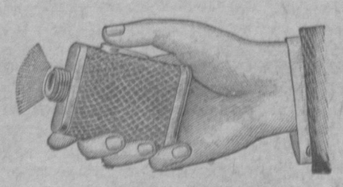
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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